In Recital

Linda Houle, soprano

accompanied by

Greg Caisley, piano

with

John Calverley, violin

Wednesday, May 15, 1996 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

Più non ti voglio credere — Giovanni Battista Bononcini (1670-1747)
from **Mario Fuggitivo**

Verdi tronchi, annose piante — Bernardo Pasquini (1637-1710)
from the Cantata **Erminia in riva del Giordano**
John Calverley, violin

Ridente la calma, K. 152 — Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Die Zauberer, K. 472
An Chloë, K. 524
Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte, K. 520
Dans un bois solitaire, K. 308

Caro nome — Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
from **Rigoletto**

Intermission

Six Elizabethan Songs — Dominick Argento (b. 1927)
1. Spring
2. Sleep
3. Winter
4. Dirge
5. Diaphenia
6. Hymn

Elle a fui, la tourterelle — Jacques Offenbach (1819-1880)
from **Les contes d'Hoffmann**

Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante — Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
from **Carmen**

Hello! Oh, Margaret it's you — Gian Carlo Menotti (b. 1911)
from **The Telephone**

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Houle.

Translations

Più non ti voglio credere/No longer do I wish to believe you

No longer do I wish to believe you, painful jealousy!
You want with cold chill to extinguish my fire;
but for the ardor, which I conceal,your chill is little.
Nor will my flame know how to yield to your chill.

Verdi tronchi, annose piante/Green trunks, ancient trees

Green trunks, ancient trees,
dark refuge of shadows secret,
in pity here receive a shade wandering in sorrow!
Indeed that far from my sun
sorrow makes me become a sad spectre;
but that sun,m which wishes to burn me,
has disappeared, and yet it kindles me.

Ridente la calma/Contentment reposes smiling

Contentment reposes smiling in my soul
No sign of anger or fear remains,
You come meanwhile my dear one to bind
The sweet chains so dear to my heart.

Die Zauberer/The Magician

You girls, run away from Damoetas!
The first time I saw him
I felt as never I felt before,
I felt, I felt, like I do not know what!
I sighed, I trembled, and still seemed glad.
Believe me, he must be a magician!

When I looked at him, I became hot,
Red at one moment, white at the next.
At last he took me by the hand;
Who can tell me what I felt then?
I did not see, nor hear, nor speak
Anything but Yes and No;
Believe me, he must be a magician!

He led me into this thicket,
I wanted to run away but I followed him;
He sat down, I sat down;
He spoke, I could only stammer syllables;
I stared at him, my eyes became small;
Believe me, he must be a magician!

Die Zauberer/The Magician (continued)

He pressed me burning to his heart,
What did I feel! What a sweet pain!
I sobbed, I breathed with difficulty,
Then luckily my mother came;
Otherwise, O Gods, what would have happened to me
After so much magic!

An Chloë/To Chloe

When love looks out of your blue,
Bright, frank eyes,
And, with longing to look within them
My heart beats and glows,
And I hold you and kiss
Your warm red cheeks,
Dear girl, and I enfold
You trembling in my arms!
Maiden, maiden, and I press
You close to my bosom,
Which, in my last moments
Of dying, will only then let you go;
That transported look is overcast
By a sombre cloud.
And I sit exhausted, then,
But blissful beside you.

Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte/Louisa burning her unfaithful lover's letters

Begotten by warm imagination,
In an hour of passion
Brought into the world, now perish,
You children of melancholy.

You owe your existence to fire,
Now to fire I return you
And all your songs of passion,
For, alas, he did not sing to me alone.

You are burning now and soon, dear letters,
No trace of you will remain,
But ah, the man who wrote you
Will surely burn long hence within me!